

THE NEW PLAYS

"The O'Brien Girl" Has Cohan Dash

BY CHARLES DARTON.

IT TAKES true Irishmen like Lou Hirsch, Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel to write a truly Irish piece like "The O'Brien Girl," but as George M. Cohan sits at home through the winter of his discontent brooding over Hamlet's soliloquy, he may well ask: "What would those guys have done without me?"

With every regard for the duly accredited Hibernian trio, I cannot rid myself of the feeling that the musical comedy at the Liberty Theatre was written by Mr. Cohan with his feet. The marks of those feet are all over the piece—and there's the harm of it.

"The O'Brien Girl" has Cohan dash No one in this country—or in any other country for that matter—can get on dancing numbers as the one and only George M. stages them. It isn't merely a matter of speed, though you may be sure there is no lack of it in this instance. The real secret lies in the remarkable skill and precision of the dancers. It is easy enough, no doubt, to accomplish this with a few people, but Cohan does it with scores. They dance like one person, even when they have canoe paddles in their hands, as they do in one of the most effective numbers. It is like clock-work, with the wheels well oiled.

Although George M. Cohan's dancing days are over—except at rehearsals, unless he carries out his threat to take the veil—his steps remain. Everyone in the company capable of shaking a foot, and this includes an uncommonly clever lot of chorus girls, has caught those steps. Ada Mae Weeks, whose clowning is as funny as a one-ring circus, even walks like Cohan. In fact, if the whole "O'Brien Girl" outfit should happen to get lost in 42nd Street after closing hours some night the first policeman into whom they bumped would simply watch their step a moment and then hopelessly identify them with: "You can't fool me, you're a George Cohan bunch."

Elizabeth Hines is one of the most confirmed dancers and equally charming. She is the girl of the title, a poor stenographer who wears Parisian frocks, and in her simple way stops at the most expensive hotel in the Adirondacks where she acquires a rich husband, thus proving that God not only protects the working girl, but looks out for her financial interests. To add to the realism of the region there are dancing Indians, among them Alexander Yakovlev, a Russian redskin who delights in getting himself in a whirl. Andrew Tomboe is one of the amusing pale-faces who also knows what to do with his feet. But if he remembers the late Ralph Herz, as he seems to do, he should let the dead rest in peace. Robinson Newbold somehow manages to stand still and with arresting calmness holds forth on the subject of murder. He is really killing it. It is not his fault that the last act drags.

There are tuneful songs that almost invariably turn into better dancing—all of which goes to prove that George M. Cohan simply couldn't let "The O'Brien Girl" alone.

"The Love Letter" Slow but Tuneful

Except for the dancing of the Estelle, there is little movement in "The Love Letter," the musical play of the Globe that has John Charles Thomas as its singing star.

So far as his voice goes, Mr. Thomas rises finely to his new opportunities, especially in an Italian song that gives the best baritone outside of grand opera full range. To hear him is a joy. But his acting is another story into which it is impossible to put any enthusiasm. This is especially to be regretted because of the unusual acting possibilities in the role—or roles—that Leo Dietrichstein used to realize in "The Phantom Rival." Franz Molnar's fantasy has been adapted by William Le Baron with little skill and less humor. Mr. Thomas is the lover who appears in his sweetheart in a dream as a great soldier, a distinguished diplomat, a famous singer and a lascar. But he is convincing only as the singer. By no stretch of the imagination can he be considered a great lover or even a passably fair one. In this respect he has a lot to learn as an actor. He should put more spirit into both his acting and his singing. His voice can be trusted to take care of itself, even though there is little to encourage it in some of Victor Jacoby's music.

The performance would be lifeless

SLIGHTLY MIXED. The deacon of the colored church thought he would tip off the new person that he was using too many big words. "Why, in 'you' sermon," he said, "you used 'proposition' about six times, and 'one' about seven times. 'Well, I ain't in a 'proposition' deacon," said the parson. "To all about ought to know what dat word means. Why, 'proposition' is de fundamental doctrine of de Protestant Church."

A NATIONAL BALLET. Gertrude Hoffman is to take steps to inaugurate a national ballet. She is dancing with an all-American corps of girls this week at the Keith Theatre in Washington, and while on tour will devote one morning a week to interviewing girls who

but for the dancing and comedy of Fred and Adele Estaire. These inimitable youngsters put no end of fantastic fun into a number called "Upside Down" and seem to enjoy immensely. Fred with his careless air and Adele with her impish drollery. Their dancing is the best of its kind, no good in fact that it should carry them to the head of a company, by the grace of Dillingham, before they are many years older.

Marjorie Galeson and Carolyn Thomson aid in the singing. Katharine Stewart is an imposing mother, and another heavyweight, Will West, struggles bravely with even heavier humor.

"The Love Letter" is slow but tuneful. Only the Estaires save it from the pace that kills.

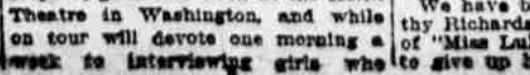
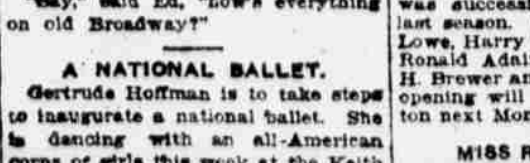
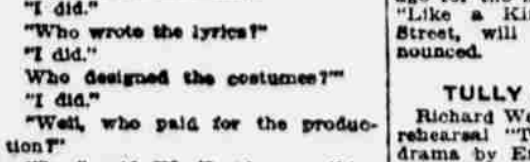
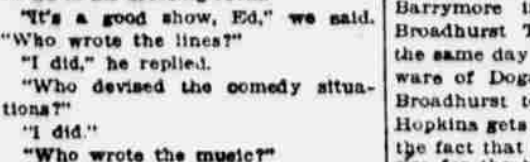
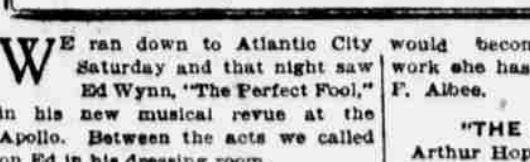
LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

WE ran down to Atlantic City Saturday and that night saw Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," in his new musical revue at the Apollo. Between the acts we called on Ed in his dressing room.

"It's a good show, Ed," we said. "Who wrote the lines?"

"I did," he replied.

"Who devised the comedy situations?"

"I did."

"Who wrote the music?"

"I did."

"Who designed the costumes?"

"I did."

THE CLAW

Arthur Hopkins will present Lionel Barrymore in "The Claw" at the Broadway Theatre on Oct. 17. On the same day William Hodge, in "Be-ware of Dogs," will move from the Broadway to the 39th Street. Mr. Hopkins gets the Broadway through the fact that he contracted some time ago for the house on Oct. 17. Where "Like a King," now at the 39th Street, will go has not been announced.

TULLY PREPARING ONE.

Richard Walton Tully has placed in rehearsal "The Right to Strike," a drama by Ernest Hutchinson, which was successfully played in London last season. In the cast are Edmund Lowe, Harry Monty, Gipsy O'Brien, Ronald Adair, David Torrence, John H. Brown and Cynthia Latham. The opening will take place in Washington next Monday.

MISS RICHARDSON ILL.

We have been informed that Dorothy Richardson, who went out ahead of "Miss Lulu Bett" and was forced to give up her work by an infected

William (Pop) Boyce, stage door tender at the Longacre Theatre, was seventy-nine years old Saturday and was presented with a purse containing a dollar for each year of his life. "Well, folks," he said to those concerned, "all I got to say the name of the play here is 'Thank You.'"

arn, is in the St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, where she underwent an operation. She would like to see any of her friends who happen to be in Baltimore, as she finds life in a hospital rather lonely.

Some dough for pop.

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JOE'S CAR



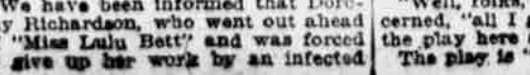
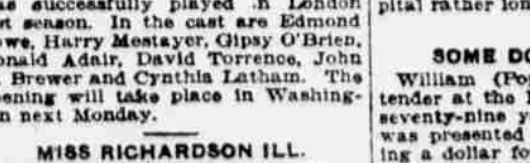
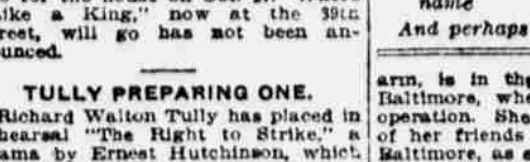
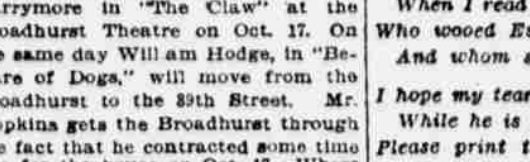
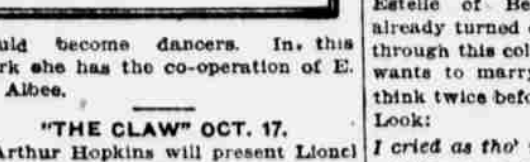
She Needn't Bother—Mom'll Settle That!



He'd Better Wear a Nightgown!



Luke Hopes It's Nothing Serious!



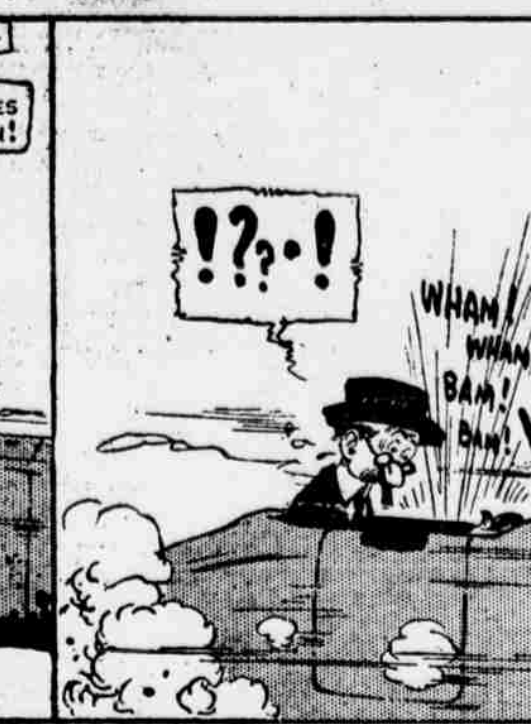
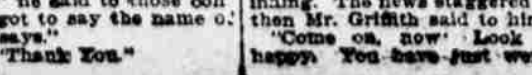
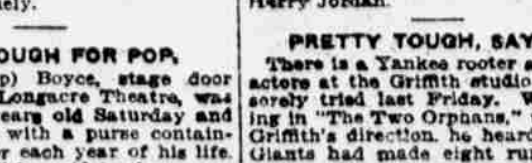
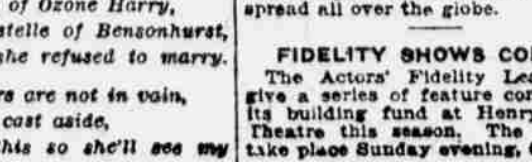
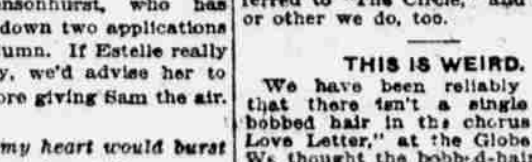
THE MAJOR, HE JOKES.



GOSSIP.



A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.



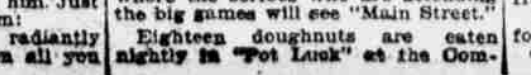
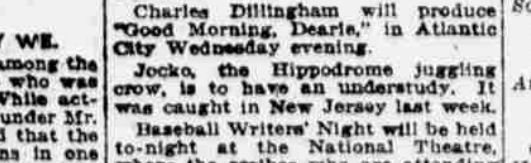
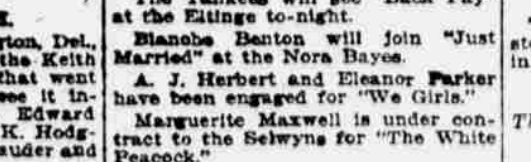
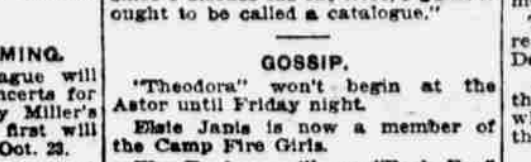
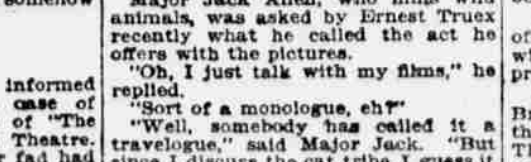
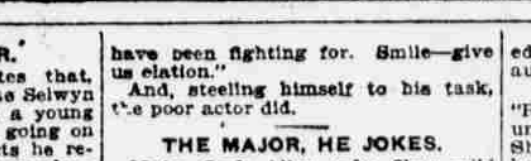
FOOLISHMENT.



FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.



CONDUCTOR—WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?



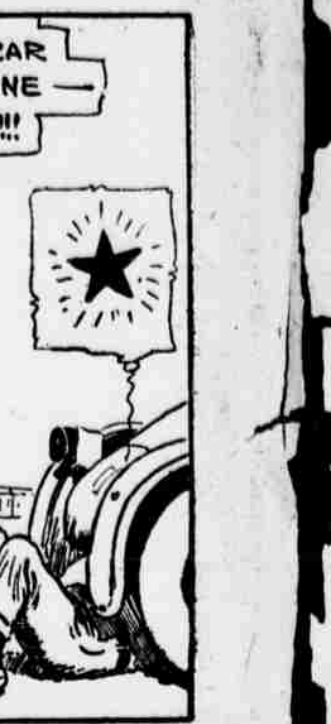
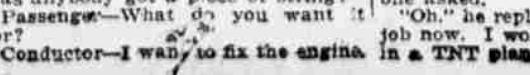
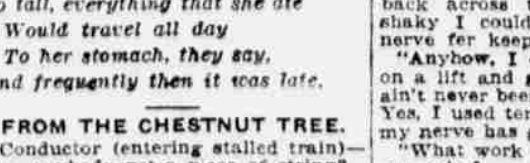
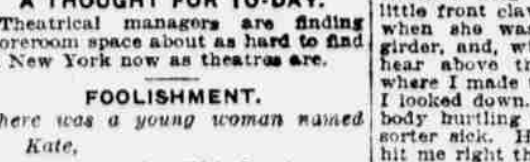
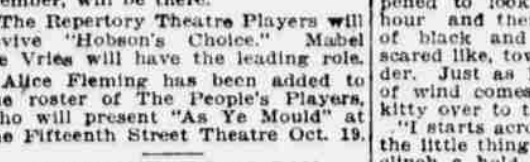
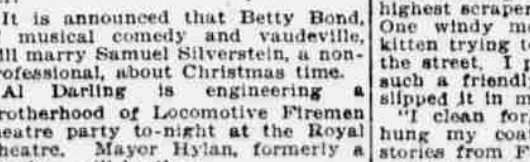
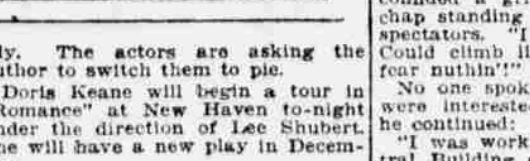
EAST SIDE ALL AROUND THE TOWN WEST SIDE.



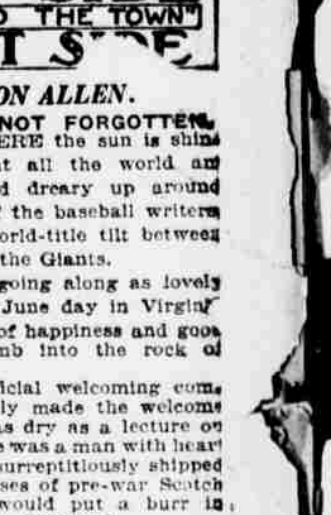
DRUMHEADS AT SUNRISE.



HEIGHT MANIA.



THE FIRST QUESTION THAT BROUGHT FORTH A JOULIAN ANSWER FROM THE EXAMINEE WAS:



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